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FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1908.

A Real Boom Started for Hughes.

The movement for the nomination of Gov. Hughes, which has hitherto lacked push and leadership, will henceforth want for neither. A significant development of the New York situation during the past few days is the organization of a Hughes league, for the avowed purpose of securing the New York delegation to the Republican national convention for Gov. Hughes. This organization is in the hands of a coterie of practical politicians, at the head of whom is Edgar T. Brackett, a former State Senator, and a man of aggressive energy and of capacity for political leadership. Some of the politicians associated with him are not of the stripe favored by Gov. Hughes with his respect and confidence, and there is a marked tendency among the members of the old Odell machine to connect themselves with the new movement; but the governor has made no sign indicating that the support of any of these men will be unwelcome. Their purpose is frankly the getting of delegates, and their energies will be bent to that end with the skill of veterans inured to familiar tasks.

Simultaneously with the seizure of the Hughes boom by Brackett and his crowd comes the interesting intimation that Senator Crane, of Massachusetts, may be induced to head a national Hughes movement. According to the Albany political gossips, the Massachusetts Senator has expressed a desire to meet Gov. Hughes, and an attempt has been made to bring them together. The New York Tribune's Albany correspondent says that "the general tenor of any of these men will be unwelcome. Their purpose is frankly the getting of delegates, and their energies will be bent to that end with the skill of veterans inured to familiar tasks."

If there is any foundation for this gossip, it points to the possibility that the Senatorial cabal which is seeking to encompass the defeat of Secretary Taft's Presidential aspirations may concentrate on Hughes as the man best fitted to capture the New York and New England delegations. It is in the extreme East tides the bulk of the Hughes sentiment and a number of the New England Senators are known to be anti-Taft men. Such a movement would fit in very well with the favorite son programme of this cabal, by which it is hoped to bring to naught the President's attempt to dictate the Republican nominee. Should ex-Senator Brackett and his friends succeed in enlisting the co-operation of Senator Crane, the Hughes movement would at once assume formidable proportions.

Taft is strong in the Middle and far West, where Hughes is known only by reputation, and is to some extent suspected as to the quality of his radicalism. An impression has become current that his candidacy would be pleasing to the "reactionaries," an impression that it will be difficult to overcome if Gov. Hughes maintains silence. It is noteworthy that the Hughes boomers place no emphasis on the governor's opinions on any subject. They simply point to his availability as a vote getter in the State of New York. He is the man, in their belief, most certain to carry that State. It remains to be seen with what force this argument will appeal to the country. We are inclined to think that Gov. Hughes will have to come out on national issues if he wants to impress Western voters.

Altho he wants to be "shown" just where he stands by comparison with Roosevelt, Taft, and Bryan. We doubt whether he will accept him merely on the ground of availability or of temperament. But it is obvious that with the aid of shrewd political manipulators the Hughes movement may shortly become an important factor in the Presidential situation. There is excellent promise that the progress of the Taft boom may be as hotly contested in New York as in Ohio.

Now and then, some one who wants to inject a little humor into the situation trots out the Woodrow Wilson Presidential boom.

Judicial Validation of Extortion.

The Portland Oregonian has some caustic observations on recent decisions of American courts—decisions which indicate to our contemporary a tendency among our judges to lose touch with the realities of life and "wander off into scholastic subtleties." The Oregonian says:

"Five decisions have been made by our higher courts within the few days which outrange the common sense of mankind. Two of them come from the Supreme Court of the United States; of these, one holds virtually that the law does not forbid fraud upon the government; the other, that employers in dangerous trades can compel all men to wear all the risks. Two of the decisions came from the Supreme Court of Oregon. Of these, one annuls the sentence of a confessed murderer on a minute technicality of law; the other declares that a leather strap is neither a whip nor anything like a whip. The fifth decision, made by the California Court of Appeals, holds that it is lawful for the mayor of a city to extort money from restaurant keepers by threats, and sets free the notorious grafter Schmitz."

We have no doubt there is colorable ground for all these decisions, that the reasons alleged for the action of the court have a certain validity; but in each one of them the actual effect and consequence of the opinion produce in the mind of the ordinary citizen an impression of injustice. What strikes the legal mind as sound reasoning does not always affect the lay mind in the same way. With respect to the Supreme Court decisions in the Williamson and employers' liability cases, our contemporary's language seems rather strong, but it is certainly not too much to say of the reversal of the Schmitz verdict that it outrages the common-sense of mankind. Schmitz was found guilty of extorting money from

San Francisco restaurant keepers, as the price of favorable action upon their applications for licenses to sell liquor. The proceeds of this nefarious business he shared with Abraham Ruef, who testified that he had given Schmitz half of \$5,000 paid by restaurants to Ruef for the privilege of doing business. This money was extorted, of course, by threats to prevent the applicants from securing licenses. The court held the indictment invalid for two reasons—that it did not allege any threat to injure property, a license to sell liquor being held not to be property in the ordinary sense, and that it did not allege that the threat was to do an unlawful injury. The latter objection appears to be the vital one, and is thus elaborated in a classic paragraph:

"Any one has the right to go before the board of public commissioners, if that body will hear him, and object to the granting of license to sell liquors to a person who is keeping a place in violation of the law. He has the right to threaten to do so. He would not be morally justified in obtaining money to induce him not to carry out his threat, but if he did receive money under such circumstances, he would not come within the provisions of the statute. It is necessary in the case of the act was unlawful."

In other words, Schmitz committed a moral wrong in extorting money from applicants for liquor licenses, but what he did was legally right in the sense that it was not specifically forbidden by statute. It appears incredible that the wrong of which Schmitz was undoubtedly guilty is not legally a crime in California, but that seems a fair inference from the court's decision. If it is a legal crime, or could be held to be so by a fair construction of the law, then the court took advantage of the technical omission of the indictment to allege that the act was unlawful in order to free Schmitz. That the court was moved by other than judicial motives is openly charged by Judge Dunne, before whom Schmitz was tried, who says that its members "have relatives and intimate friends against whom many judgments were returned by the grand jury," and expresses the belief that the court was "not in the proper frame of mind to give this matter an impartial consideration." If there is any foundation for this allegation, good reason exists for suspecting the law as well as the integrity of the court.

Capt. Hobson called at the White House Tuesday, enlightened the President as to his proposed naval bill, and incidentally did quite a bit of yellowperling for Mr. Roosevelt's benefit.

Kentucky's Great Opportunity.

Does old Kentucky want to do a thing that will bring great joy to this country from Maine to California and from Seattle to Key West? Does it want to bring a smile of satisfaction to the entire face of the map? Does it want to play Santa Claus to the whole nation, and make everybody happy?

If it does, send Mr. Henry Watterson to the United States Senate! We mean it; seriously and honestly! Everybody in this land knows him by reputation; thousands know him personally. He is the grand old young man of America. Everybody loves him and respects him. His career has been full of action and vitality. He is picturesque, and level-headed with it. He criticises without fear, but he never speaks in malice. His words often jolt, but they don't sting. He would round out an honorable and noteworthy life gracefully and splendidly in the Senate of the United States.

Why should not Kentucky do this thing? There isn't a Democrat within the State's borders more suited to the place. His patriotism is staunch and true, but it is also catholic. He is a student of great questions, and reasons fairly and with as much accuracy as any, and, perhaps, more accurately than many, and might be mentioned. If Kentucky will elect Henry Watterson to the Senate of the United States, it will rise to an opportunity that may not—probably will not—come again. True, some differences between Democrats would necessarily have to be laid aside in order to bring about this consummation most devoutly to be wished, but this is the time for Democrats to do just that. In this, Kentucky would be holding high an example well worthy of emulation—one that might be followed by other Democrats throughout the Union. The day is at hand when the Democracy will doubly honor itself in honoring such men as Mr. Henry Watterson. It would renew hope throughout the national Democratic fabric; it would mark a great crisis nobly met.

Let Kentucky send Mr. Watterson to Washington as one of its ambassadors. The entire nation would approve. It isn't often that a State has the opportunity that now presents itself to this one. Why should not Kentucky welcome and take advantage of the great good fortune that knocks at its doors?

And if it were true that only a spark were needed to start the war with Japan, we are fully persuaded a number of people, and a few newspapers would not rest easy until they had seen it applied.

Another Municipal Ownership Failure.
Still another municipal ownership failure has been added to the long list reported in the last few years. The town which suffers as a result is New Iberia, La., and the New Orleans World, which is inclined to favor the general public ownership idea, tells of some of the distressing details—details of a kind which will cause the advocates of the policy to "view with alarm" rather than "point with pride."

It was only about a year ago that the operation of a municipally owned water and light plant was commenced in New Iberia. The town issued bonds to pay for the cost of construction. The yearly interest on the bonds amounted to \$6,000, so that in order to be self-supporting the establishment would have had to earn at least that much more than its working expenses, to say nothing of a few extra dollars for depreciation account, sinking fund, and other items for which a private concern would naturally provide. Things which favored the acquisition of the plant by the municipality were more than this could be done, and that, moreover, the business would be so profitable as soon to afford the people dividends in the form of reduced rates.

But the best laid plans of public ownership men gang almost always aglee. At the end of a year the taxpayers of New Iberia find that their water and light plant has not only failed to make enough to pay the interest on the bonds issued to build it, but that it has not even met expenses. Its income to date is some \$1,700 less than its expenditures on account of operation, thus bringing the total loss up to \$7,300, aside from depreciation, etc. Mayor Laughlin says the plant is "a money-losing proposition," and asserts that the plant had never shown a profit, and, in his opinion, never would. It is almost incredible, in view of the mass of evidence similar to this, that intelligent men will continue to urge the application of public ownership, even to the extent of the acquisition of the railroads by the Federal government. It is much easier to watch public servants and prevent political manipulation in a

small town that in a large city, of course, yet even in the small towns the thing has almost invariably been found to be impossible. What would it be, then, in the case of the general government?

It is by no means remarkable that Mr. Bryan's tentative advocacy of public ownership nearly cost him the esteem in which he is rightfully held because of his devotion to the people's interests in other respects, or that the only supporters of the policy in the United States to-day are a few radicals, a few theorists, a few agitators against all established institutions, and a few good and sensible men misled by specious arguments and false reports from other quarters.

A contemporary refers to Senator "Primrose," of Pennsylvania. What's in a name? That which we do call Penrose, by any other name—may supply the rest according to your own way of thinking.

A vigilant correspondent calls The Washington Herald's attention to the fact that Rev. John Scudder, of Jersey City, N. J., is not "a Presbyterian minister," but is "a Congregationalist." We cheerfully make this correction, but we decline to retract anything else we said about him. He is evidently a mighty fine citizen, and we like his ideas.

"Col. J. Ham cannot deny, either, that he said it," remarked the Chicago Tribune. Whereupon the colonel promptly denied it. Thus was the public confidence in the pink-whiskered statesman's denying ability fully preserved.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch objects to our expression "to disloyally and reprehensibly squelch." Oh, well, this is a strenuous age. When we split an infinitive, we split it fore and aft and wide open. No mollycoddled splitting for us!

"Nothing is prettier to see than a pretty girl walking down the street wearing a handsome muff," in the Montgomery Advertiser. Probably not; but why should the street wear a handsome muff?

It seems to us that Martin W. Littleton might prove insanity in the Thaw family conclusively by establishing before the jury the fact of the Yarmouth wedding.

Tut, tut! Helle and Boni have been at it again. A little more of that sort of thing, and it won't even be worth a one-line head in the screamers.

Doubtless Senator Foraker thinks that little bunch of scalp will hold them for a while.

And now the barbers threaten to raise the price of a shave, because so many men use safety razors these days. There it goes again. The innocent bystander always pays the freight.

"Dry up; get up; stay up," advises the Bend Sin (Oreg.) Tribune, addressing, no doubt, some fellow who needs to mount the water wagon.

"Pittsburg is not guilty of race suicide," says the Dispatch of that city, actuated by a most commendable desire to draw something to which Pittsburg may plead not guilty.

"Mme. Gould will soon depart for America to live," says a cablegram from Paris. Perhaps it is beginning to dawn on the ex-countess at last—and better late than never.

Evidently, prohibition is calculated to develop a mean and vindictive disposition. The Atlanta Georgian is advocating the organization of a posse for the purpose of forcing the editor of the Charleston News and Courier to read Gov. Vardaman's last message to the Mississippi legislature.

"The countess still mum on the fight," says a headline over a Paris dispatch. The fight was probably a Mumm affair, comments the Louisville Courier-Journal. Not much; the champagne days of Boni and Helle are but beautiful memories now.

We desire to commend the restraint and calm which the Vice President announced the resignation of Senator La Follette from the Senate Committee on Military Affairs. Of course, it was extremely disloyal upon the Senator's part, but we are pleased that the lid wasn't kicked entirely off, anyhow.

"A contemporary notes that our fleet is at Rio, and that if it returns via Suez it will pass Java and Mocha," notes the Columbia Ste. Java and Mocha, gentle reader, are the provinces where the coffee doesn't come from, you know.

LONG SERVICE IN SENATE.
Richard B. Nixon for Forty Years Its Financial Clerk.

That the Senate appreciates the faithful services of its employees, is shown by the fact that two of them have been kept on the rolls for a long period of time.

Mr. Richard B. Nixon has served forty years continuously as financial clerk, and Mr. Alonzo H. Stewart thirty-one years, in various positions, from page to assistant doorkeeper.

Mr. Nixon's first session was the second of the Fortieth Congress in 1867. At that time there were only fifty-three members of the Senate, and of the fifty-three, only six are alive to-day—Senators Edmunds in Vermont, John B. Henderson in Washington, Connors in Massachusetts, Williams in Oregon, Stewart now in Nevada, and Sprague in Rhode Island.

Mr. Stewart went to the Senate as a page when twelve years old, on January 13, 1857. Since then he has risen, grade by grade, until now he holds the position of assistant doorkeeper. Mr. Stewart says all his promotions have been made on the thirteenth day of the month, and that thirteen is anything but a hoodoo to him. His first session was marked by the Hayes-Tilden fight for the electoral vote for President. Only two senators now serving were there at that time—Senators Teller and Allison.

A Senatorial Analogy.
From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

When the diplotocous arrived at the Field Museum, only to find that the brontosaurus had preceded him, he was in a position to sympathize with the roaring lion of Arkansas when he entered the Senate chamber and observed the gentleman with the pitchfork already seated.

Rarity of Honesty.
From the Kansas City Star.

Mr. Bryan attributes President Roosevelt's great popularity to the general knowledge that he is thoroughly honest. Indeed, being entirely honest is such a sure means toward popularity it is a wonder so few—so very few—politicians adopt it.

Think Again.
From the New York Herald.

A chaplain of the United States army has been placed on the retired list because of his inability to take the horse-manship test. Thoughtful clergymen were tested for theology and character, not for horsemanship.

When Our Navy Made Good.
From the Chicago Record-Herald.

Admiral Dewey does not share the pessimistic opinions concerning our navy. He found on a certain well-remembered occasion that it was it was cracked up to be.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

They say you're queer.
That is the cry.
And some may sneer
As you pass by.
Well, don't deny the allegation.
Columbus had that reputation.

They say you're odd.
Such is the claim.
But let them nod.
That is no shame.
It ought to be a joy, I'm stating,
To get Sir Isaac Newton's rating.

When others sneer.
You pass by.
When far and near
They raise a cry.
And dub you freakish from each
steepie.
They're classing you with famous
people.

In Actual Life.

"Aw, shucks, the world ain't no stage."
"What's up now?"
"When a feller in a play comes home late, he's all primed with brilliant repartee, but when I go home late I have to sink in. Aw, shucks!"

The Patriot's Boast.

"Yes, he visited Rome, Paris, Athens, London, and Vienna."
"An' what was he say?"
"Says Squashville's good enough for him."

Memento.

"What's this you have framed?"
"My first divorce decree," answered Mr. Soofalls with a reminiscent smile.

The Congressman.

At home he is a great, big gun;
His presence furor kindles.
But when he gets to Washington
He dwindles, dwindles.

Would Come the Next.

"Rover, Rover, Rover, Rover, Rover."
"Why do you call your dog six times?"
"Because he's apt to answer one time out of seven."

Takes the Real Thing.

"I can't afford to give the waiter more than a dime."
"Well?"
"And so I give him a quarter. I wish I had the nerve to hand him a nickel, but you've got to be rich to do that."

First Ade.

"Pa, who was Aesop?"
"A fellow who wrote fables many hundred years too early for his own worldly welfare."

JUST BY THE WAY.

A Lofly Feeling.

"See the poet, with his lovely hair!"
"Oh, is he not grand?"
"Yes, he is not. Why does the poet run his hands through his hair?"
"Mayhap he is trying to grasp an idea!"

Why?

Whereas I was a child, of the
Most ordinary sort,
All seasons were too long for me,
All minstrel shows too short!

Experience.

Bjones—Have some of this mince pie.
My wife made it herself. It's a perfect dream.
Famish—No, thanks. I've had enough of that sort of dreams!

BROWN AND JONES.

I can't help liking Brown. He never pays
The money that he borrows now and then.

But lots of folks are that way, nowadays,
And Brown's more genial, like, than
other men.

Why, other men are selfish, but not he,
And when he borrows five he never thinks

Of hoarding it—he's grateful, don't you see.

And spends half of it treating me to drinks!

Now Jones, he lends me money, off and on,

And I can't always pay it when I say I will—it's hard, when all your coin is gone.

To pay some fellow what you owe him, eh?

He never lends me for it; but I know

He's thinking hard about that twenty bones

I got from him a year ago—and so

Somehow, by George, I can't help hating Jones!

The Declining Party.

"Well," said the critic, "you may say what you like, but I believe that the poets are declining, nowadays."
"You're dead wrong," said the poet, sadly. "It isn't the poets—it's the editors."

My Wish.

I wish that I could loose life's galling fetter;
I would that fortune's harsh decrees would soften—or
I would that mortal men would treat me better.

Hoke Smith and Taft.

Editor The Washington Herald:

On the first page of to-day's Herald, both in the headline and the body of the story, Gov. Hoke Smith, of Georgia, is quoted as saying in connection with the Presidency: "I favor Taft because he is the safest and best man mentioned as a candidate. We must have a Republican President. Secretary Taft would suit the South," etc. If Gov. Hoke Smith made remarks such as these quoted, it is absolutely certain that he prefaced the statement "We must have a Republican President" with a large capital "I." A great word is this "I." Insert it, and the statement would not need further explanation. Without it, the statement would make very bad reading for Georgia's 16,000 majority, and would not represent her virile Democratic governor.

CLAUDE N. BENNETT,
Washington, January 16.

Where Does It Go?

What becomes of the money people save by

1. Not smoking?
2. Shaving themselves?
3. Teetotaling?

More Fun Than a Song.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Secretary Taft is to be credited with an innovation in politics. At the close of his meetings he conducts a question class instead of having the glow club sing.

FOR WHOM?

For those who color-beans are cannot see—
The under-the-overlook.
For whom the tones that none have listened yet,
No player yet enthralled in melody?

Those unheard waves of sweetness wander free,
They rise and sink, they murmur, to them
These beams of color, mite in flower or gem,
They cross our path, on unseen errand!

The teasing Panch vainly makes her plea,
The eager Sense no dews of mystery trace,
Slut with the treasures of mysterious space,
They are not for such mortal men as we.

For whom? Who, then, shall turn, at length, the key,
And wander into Beauty we forego?
I dream, those tones shall sound, those colors glow,
For men of subtle sense—men yet to be!

—Edith M. Thomas, in Smart Set.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

"Great is the immortal Jackson and long may his name live in the hearts of the people." So spoke Representative John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee, on Jackson Day, and so speaks the Honorable John on every anniversary of that day. Representative Gaines' biography occurs in just four lines in the directory, but they tell the most important thing connected with his career, and that is, he was born in Tennessee. After finishing school, he taught awhile, studied and graduated in medicine, but never practiced it. By hard work on a farm, and as a teacher, he was enabled to take up the study of law later, and began practicing that profession in Nashville, in 1834. The voters of the Sixth district of Tennessee have sent him to represent them for ten years, and he was again re-elected to the Sixtieth Congress by nearly 10,000 plurality. No matter when or on what occasion, the Tennesseean attracts attention. His bushy iron gray hair and clear cut features are easily distinguishable in any gathering.

A strong believer in free silver, Representative Gaines was one of the leading exponents of the cause during its agitation.

Senator Winthrop Murray Crane, of Massachusetts, is a New Englander. No one could mistake that fact to take to Senator Crane for a minute; he even looks the part of the substantial New England citizen, to whom precedent and the proprieties are everything. And, like the fabled New Englander, from the time of Gov. Winthrop down, Senator Crane is fond of pie. Pie seems to be an indigestible New England dish usually has a top to it, while Congressional pie often has nothing but "stuff."

One day not long since Mr. Crane was the object of the search of a newspaper man. Mr. Crane, as chairman of the Committee on Canadian Relations, often would like to know, so this newspaper man looked all about the Senate wing of the Capitol for the Bay State Senator. He was not in his office, nor on the floor of the Senate, and, as a last resort, the newspaper man tried the Senate restaurant. There a waiter said: "Senator Crane? Why, Ah just saw him go out. Ah give him a glass of milk and a piece of apple pie."

"What's matter with you, George," said another waiter, who had just come up. "Ah done give the Senator a glass of milk an' a piece of pie half a hour ago."

"You all is crazy," chimed in a third waiter, who had just come up. "Senator Crane is in a chair over dere a eatin' a nice ole pie an' a glass ole milk, fo' Ah just took it to him."

Sure enough, the Senator was in the midst of his third order of milk and pie, given within an hour. He offered no explanation, but the preponderance of evidence seems to lead to the unquestioned belief that the Senator is fond of pie.

The discussion in the House of the penal code bill has already resulted in half a dozen divisions with tellers. This means that a member from each side takes a place on the foot of the middle aisle, and counts the members for the affirmative and negative as they go through. It means much walking, for the members must come forward, pass through and clear to the end of the aisle, and then back to their seats.

"I certainly have earned my \$25 to-day," said Representative Carlin, of Alexandria, after making the round trip a number of times. "I walked no less than ten miles when they called for tellers on that old Ku-Klux bill."

"Who is that man talking," asked a visitor.

"That is the finest orator in the House, Bourke Cockran, of New York," answered the doorkeeper.

"He may be fine, but that voice; great guns! It is like a fog horn, and reminds me of the barkers for the Philippine village at the Jamestown Exposition. He stood all day and, in a voice like that, yelled 'Fill-a-pin-o, Fill-a-pin-o.'"

"New York has two more like that," said the doorkeeper. "Just wait until you hear Mr. Fitzgerald, when they get going; it isn't necessary to send pages to bring in members, they can be heard as far away as Statuary Hall."

Some exceedingly amusing work in the designation of official carriages can be seen these days on the streets of Washington. A few years ago Congress had one of its patriotic outbursts against officials maintaining elegant turnouts at government expense. It passed a drastic law, as was supposed, prohibiting such equipages except to the President, his secretary, and Cabinet officers. To make assurance doubly sure it further provided that all wagons belonging to the government should bear in conspicuous place the name of the bureau or the department to which they belong.

These provisions were effective for a time, but gradually the government-owned carriages were being converted into social and personal use, has returned. Every army and navy officer, who has pulled enough; every bureau chief sufficiently astute to find a general appropriation anywhere; has a stock of driving horse or two and a coachman who is on the government rolls as a messenger.

These carriages crowd the shopping districts and are numerous at every tea and reception.

The required lettering is somewhere on the box of every such government carriage. Generally one must have a microscope to locate it. The characters are so small as to escape observation. Quartermaster officers of the army have devised an additional scheme. The legend "U. S. Quartermaster's Department" is printed upon the rubber-tired, magnificent corpulent, but it is a maroon that shades into the ebony black so perfectly as to be a triumph of the carriage painters' art.

As the Physician Said.

From the Milwaukee Journal.

The panic of 1893 was caused by fear of the free-trade bill, which was passed a year and a half later, and which the standpatter, Cleveland, refused to sign.

The panic of 1907 was caused by the thought that the Democrats might carry the Presidential election in 1908 and go into office in 1909.

As the physician said: "Take the medicine half an hour before you feel the pain coming on."

Fashions in Tempers.